

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## GOETHE'S FIRST LOVE.

By FRANCES A. SHAW.

"HAPPY is he," says Schiller, "whom the gods love, even before his birth; whom, as a child, Venus cradles in her arms; whose eyes Phœbus anoints, whose lips Hermes touches, upon whose forehead Jove presses the seal of power. An exalted destiny shall be his, for, ere the beginning of the conflict, his temples are wreathed with bay."

Such a favoured one of heaven seemed Goethe, whom Germany recognises as her greatest genius, and to whom the world might justly assign a place among modern poets and dramatists second only to that of Shakespeare.

The only son of a rich banker and imperial counsellor, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the year 1749. To this, her "Sunday child," her darling, Nature came laden with the choicest gifts. Beauty, wealth, genius, friends, station—all were his. Life was to be to him no *via dolorosa*, up which he must toil, bearing the cross of neglect and penury. The bitterness of feeling his best efforts unappreciated, of seeing his best thoughts fall cold upon the public ear, were never his. Poverty, which eats into the sensitive soul of genius like a canker, and is sure to sadden if it does not harden, he never knew. The upward path was made smooth for him, while proud, loving friends stood by to aid him in every earnest work, to cheer him on to every high endeavour.

Had he been less the grand, noble, genius he was, he might have become the spoiled child of affluence and adulation. But he had aims in life higher than pleasure, broader than power, and he could not turn a deaf ear to the voice within, urging him on to grand and lofty things. Con-

scious of his splendid gifts, he heartily and exultantly set about his appointed work.

"Oh, his pride, his sacred pride in his beauty!" writes "the Child," Bettina von Arnim; and the outward casket was indeed worthy of the princely soul it enshrined. The form, above the medium height, was that of a stalwart Hercules, while the face and head had the ideal beauty of an Apollo. The brow was high and massive; the features were clear and finely cut, as in the models of classic art; eyes large, deep, lustrous; the complexion fresh and glowing. It is said that his personal appearance was so striking that, whenever he entered a public place, even as a stranger, all eyes were at once fixed upon him.

In youth he was a wild, adventurous fellow, whose slight regard to worldly conventionalities greatly outraged his precise, pompous old father. With years his manners grew courtly and dignified, even haughty; but his haughtiness was not that of the *parvenu* or coxcomb. He could look beyond the surface, and his respect for men was not based upon the station the world assigned them. Worth and talent guided him in the choice of his friends, and, to those he chose to fascinate, he was through life the most fascinating of men.

But this man, so favoured by fortune, so exalted by genius, so idolised by his fellows, was, after all, a man with the usual weaknesses and frailties, and, among his greatest faults, was untruth to the better feelings of his own heart. Courtied and caressed by all, he was an especial favourite with women, and, being much in society, he could be neither blind nor deaf to their admiration. Of a susceptible, impulsive nature, from youth to middle life he was continually falling in love. As he loved readily, he forgot easily, and most of his attachments of this kind were very tran-



sient ; but there was one deeper and more enduring—his first *real* love, and his best. Of this we purpose to speak briefly.

In his twenty-second year young Goethe went to Strasbourg to complete his law-studies at the university. One pleasant October day he was invited by his friend Wieland to ride over to Drusenheim, a lovely country village, lying in one of the most delightful regions of Alsace, and pay a visit to Pastor Brion, the spiritual shepherd of that rural community.

The Brions, in their simple, refined, cheerful, home-life, forcibly reminded the young student of the charming family in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." In Pastor Brion and his excellent wife he saw the good vicar and his spouse ; Salome, the elder daughter, he called Olivia ; Fredericka, the younger, Sophia ; and when the only son and brother appeared he could scarce help exclaiming, "Moses ! and are you here, too ?"

Fredericka, a romping young girl of sixteen, upon his arrival was, as usual, absent on her out-of-door wanderings. After a while she came tripping into the room, apparently not at all awed by the presence of the aristocratic young gentleman from the city. She was a bright, blithesome young creature, and the fresh, piquant style of her beauty was greatly enhanced by the charming dress she wore—the old German costume, seldom seen outside the rural districts—a bodice tightly fitting the form ; a short, full skirt, displaying the neatest of feet and ankles, and a black silk apron.

"There she stood," says Goethe, in his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," "on the boundary between country beauty and city belle. Slender and airy, she tripped along as if she had nothing to carry, and her neck seemed almost too delicate for the luxuriant braids of flaxen hair on her elegant little head. A free, open glance beamed from her calm blue eyes, and her pretty little turn-up nose peered inquiringly into the air with as much unconcern as if there could be nothing like care in the world. Her straw hat dangled on her arm, and thus, at the first glance, I had the delight of seeing her perfect grace, and acknowledging her perfect loveliness."

With his usual impetuosity, the young man fell in love with Fredericka at first sight, and every subsequent meeting only

added fuel to the flame. Pastor Brion's house was but a few miles from Strasbourg, and Goethe's visits there became very frequent. During these visits he and Fredericka were inseparable companions, and soon came to be regarded by all as lovers.

Fredericka, a perfect child of Nature, was never so happy as when in the open air.

Goethe says of her : "She was one of those women who please us best out of doors. The loveliness of her manner harmonised with the flowery earth, the unclouded serenity of her face with the blue sky. A refreshing breath seemed ever to hover around her." After dwelling with rapture upon her grace, her beauty, and her goodness, he adds : "I knew no sorrow, no unrest in her presence. I was immeasurably happy when by her side."

The youth and maiden were constant companions. They walked and rode, they read and sung, they talked and laughed together, and neither dreamed of any pleasure in which the other might not share. With the family and other friends they took little jaunts into the country, went on excursions to the islands of the Rhine, and visited at the neighbouring houses. Both, in their entire happiness, were the gayest of the gay, and the life of every company ; "but," says Goethe, "while we seemed to be living for those around us, we lived only for each other."

During absence they were still united in thought, and their letters were very frequent. In her correspondence Fredericka showed herself the same happy, unaffected child as in the intercourse of daily life. Goethe was already becoming known as a poet, and this young girl became the inspiration of his sweetest lays. He wrote many songs expressly for her, and set them to well-known melodies—"enough to fill a volume," he says, "had they been collected."

"My passion grew the more," he writes, "as I came to know the worth of the excellent girl, and the time approached when I must leave so much love and goodness, perhaps for ever."

There had been no formal betrothal, and yet, in the sight of men and angels—by the election of their own hearts—these young lovers belonged to each other.

Goethe passed a highly creditable examination, and received his degree as



doctor of laws, an honour of which his father was not a little proud. The old gentleman had very high aspirations for his gifted son.

Before returning home to Frankfort young Doctor Goethe went to bid Fredericka adieu.

He writes : "Those were painful days, which I would gladly forget. As from on horseback I reached her my hand at parting, tears stood in her eyes, and I was also very sad at heart."

He had resolved, upon leaving Strasbourg, to tear this passion for Fredericka from his heart, no matter how much agony it cost him. But this was no light task, for it was a love which had taken deep hold of all that was best and noblest in his nature. In absence the image of the sweet young girl was ever before his eyes, and he pined incessantly for her. Had he followed the dictates of his heart, he would have returned to her to set the seal to their mutual affection by a formal betrothal. But worldly prudence with him was stronger than love, and he was a man who could yield up the sweetest dream of his life to ambition.

The disparity of station between the rich banker's son and the country clergyman's daughter was very great ; it was an alliance to which the haughty old Frankfort aristocrat would never consent—yet still, in his inmost heart, Goethe knew that Fredericka was worthy of him.

The affection of the proud young student and man of the world had been put to a severe test when Fredericka and her sister, in their obsolete provincial costume, had come to visit some rich and fashionable Strasbourg relatives. Though Fredericka possessed a natural ease and grace of manner which made her at home in any society, still Goethe could not fail to note the contrast between his "woodland nymph" and the circle of high-bred ladies in which he moved.

Morbidly sensitive to the opinion of others, he could not endure to have his chosen one the object of invidious remark or criticism, and it was a positive relief to him when Fredericka returned home. Yet he very well knew that she would have the tact and good sense to adapt her dress and manner to the circles in which she would be introduced as his wife, and it is not probable that it was her inferior station

or unacquaintance with high life, nor, indeed, fear of his father's displeasure, that induced him to break off the connection. He dreaded marriage as the grave of ambition, the frustration of a high career.

Soon after his arrival home he wrote the young girl a letter, bidding her adieu for ever.

He says : "Fredericka's answer tore my heart. I now, for the first time, became aware of her bereavement, and saw no possibility of alleviating it. She was ever in my thoughts. I felt that she was wanting to me, and, worst of all, I could not forgive myself. I had wounded to the very depths one of the most beautiful and tender of hearts, and that period of repentance, bereft of the love which had supported me, was agonising, miserable. But man will live, and hence I took sincere interest in others, seeking to disentangle their embarrassments, and to unite those about to part, that they might not feel what I felt. Hence I got the name of the *confidant*. On account of my wanderings I was also called the wanderer. I turned more than ever to the open world and nature, and there alone I found comfort. During my walks I improvised hymns and dithyrambs. One of these, 'The Wanderer's Sturm-Lied,' yet remains. The burden of the song is, that a man of genius must walk resolutely through the storms of life."

No word of blame ever escaped Fredericka's lips, though Goethe himself says that his desertion nearly cost her her life.

Retired from the world, in the sweet solitude of her country home, she passed a life beautiful in its unselfish devotion to others. While he to whom she had given her heart's first and only love stood upon the dizzy heights of fortune, splendour, and renown, she was the benefactor of the poor, the consoler of the sorrowing, the friend of all who were desolate and oppressed.

There were depths in her character of which those who knew her only in her careless, happy young girlhood, little dreamed. She possessed a refined, sensitive nature ; a tender, loving, womanly heart, which was worthy of a better fate. She was sought by others in marriage, among whom was Goethe's friend Lenz ; but she declined all offers, saying, "The heart that has loved Goethe can belong to no other."



Eight years after their parting Goethe again went to visit the family once so dear, and the old scenes where the happiest moments of his life had passed. He was received cordially by all, even by Fredericka, who, he says, did not make the slightest effort to rekindle within him the old flame.

On the 5th of April, 1815, Fredericka Brion died in the little village of Sessenheim, which had been her home for many years. Her life had been tranquil, and her end was peace. The elder people of the village still remember and speak lovingly of the "good Aunt Fredericka," whose many virtues and acts of unobtrusive charity had endeared her alike to young and old. The words of the poet *might* be applied to Fredericka.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

She was laid to rest in the village churchyard, and in accordance with her dying request, the only memorial above her grave was a simple black cross, placed there by the hands of those who had loved her. But the German youth, enraptured with the "Wahrheit und Dichtung" of their greatest poet, longed to behold the scene of the sweetest idyl of his life—to visit the spot where slumbered all earth could hold of her who had once loved Goethe so fondly—had been so fondly loved by him. And so the little black cross became the prey of relic-hunters, and for many years Fredericka Brion slept without any memorial save that recorded in loving hearts.

A few years ago the Rhenish poet, Hugo Delbermann, and his friend, Frederick Gessler, visited the spot, and, through the *Gartenlaude*, the most widely circulated of German periodicals, solicited subscriptions for a monument to her who had been the first, best love of their great poet. The call met with a liberal and hearty response, and on the 19th of August, 1866, the monument, a master-work of Honberg, was unveiled in the presence of a large assemblage.

The monument is simple, yet noble, and from a gold background near its summit stands out in fine relief the bust of Fredericka. The features of the lovely face, perhaps somewhat idealised, glow almost with the light of transfiguration, and we marvel not that she was the first, perhaps the *one* true love of the great poet's life.

Beneath the bust is the following inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
FREDERICKA BRION.

A beam of the poet-sun fell upon her so richly  
as to lend her immortality.

To the oft-repeated questions, "Why was Goethe so faithless to himself and her? Why did he not marry Fredericka?" the most fitting answer may be found in the words he puts into the mouth of one of his characters:—

"Marry! What, *marry* just at the time when life opens to you! To coop yourself up at home before you have gone over half your wanderings, or accomplished half your conquests! That you love the girl is natural; that you promised her marriage is the act of a madman."

"There is more truth than poetry in these words," coolly remarks one of Goethe's apologists. "It is, at any rate, by no means evident to me that infidelity to his genius would not have been a greater crime than infidelity to his mistress!"

Says another: "Marriage was a phantom from which he shrunk. Eros, with folded bow and broken wing, was to him an image of fear."

But marriage with Fredericka Brion, the woman who loved, and appreciated, and gloried in him, would have been no infidelity to his genius, no frustration of his high career.

His biographer, Lewes, says: "He knew little, and that not until late in life, of the subtle interweaving of habit with affection, which makes life saturated with love, and love itself become dignified through the serious aims of life. He knew little of the exquisite companionship of two souls striving in emulous spirit of loving rivalry to become better, teaching each other to soar. He knew little of this, Fredericka, and the life of sympathy he refused to share with thee is wanting to the greatness of his works."

Had he early in life married Fredericka, he would have been saved from many an idle flirtation, and from that hopeless passion for Charlotte Buff, the heroine of his "Sorrows of Werther," who, being engaged to another, was beyond his reach. "Had she been free," says one of his biographers, "he would, in all probability, have left her as he did Fredericka."



Had Fredericka been the guardian genius of his life, that brilliant, fascinating, intellectual, but unprincipled *married* woman of the world, the Baroness von Stein, would not for twelve years have exercised such influence over him; he would have also escaped that unlawful connection with Christiana Vulpius, a woman in every respect unworthy of him, which, after long years, ended in a marriage whose wretchedness he vainly tried to hide from the world.

The great poet and royal councillor, amid all his worldly fame and honour, knew nothing of the delights of a well-ordered, peaceful home, to which he could turn from the world's turmoil for rest and happiness; he had no congenial heart to share his joys and sorrows, to glory in his success. And so, without ever having harboured malice against him who had blighted her young life, Fredericka Brion was avenged.

For seventeen years she had been sleeping peacefully in the little churchyard at Sessenheim when Goethe's summons came. In 1832, full of years and honours, his mind undimmed, his natural force unabated, the great poet died.

He died tranquilly, painlessly, leaving a name linked to immortality.

But the great poet, the transcendent genius, and the sweet, gentle woman, unknown save that her humble name is linked to his, are equals in the sight of God.

#### UNDER THE CLOUD.

O, BEAUTEOUS things of earth !  
I cannot feel your worth

To-day.

O, kind and constant friend !  
Our spirits cannot blend

To-day.

O, Lord of truth and grace !  
I cannot see thy face

To-day.

A shadow on my heart  
Keeps me from all apart

To-day.

Yet something in me knows  
How fair creation glows

To-day.

And something makes me sure  
That love is not less pure

To-day.

And that the eternal good  
Minds nothing of my mood

To-day.

Fed from a hidden bowl,  
A lamp burns in my soul

All days !

#### HENRY WHEATON.

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF UNITARIANISM  
IN AMERICA.

HENRY WHEATON was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in America, on the 27th November, 1785. He was a thinker. As a child his first and favourite plaything was a book, and play and work seemed always the same to him, inasmuch as reading was the only sport he wanted, and study was easier than most men's pastime. In college he gave less time to regular studies than to general literature, not neglecting the former, but less ambitious to excel in them than to store his mind with various knowledge, particularly in history. Then, and perhaps always, history may be said to have been his chosen pursuit, and it is the opinion of a class-mate, than whom no one knew him better, that when he graduated, at the age of seventeen, not a man there, student or teacher, was so thoroughly versed in historical lore. Truth he dearly prized. More precious to him than gold, he suffered no other wealth to divide his affection or divert his pursuit. Property, accomplishments, or fame, cannot be said to have been at any time his idol. To mere self-aggrandisement, and to all self-indulgence he appears to have been as entire a stranger as could well be found amongst men, especially amongst those of public life. Many as were his distinctions, no man supposed he sought them for his own elevation; no one ever thought of them in his presence, unless as setting forth his own modesty and humility in the more striking relief. Simple in his manners, unostentatious, habitually reserved, and more than commonly silent, it was only when you called out his ready and furnished mind on his favourite themes that you felt its peculiar power, and ceased to wonder at his eminence at home and abroad. Not a genius, not dazzling or eloquent, never polishing himself or his writings merely to make them attractive, he was clear, thorough, laborious, retentive, and ever willing to communicate; a most rapid reader, mastering a book, though to appearance only hastily turning its leaves, a rapid writer, because attempting that to which he was competent, and seeking only to put truth and fact in the clearest light. But whatever may be thought of native power or comparative



eminence, he has won for himself a distinction among the illustrious men of the age. His name is enrolled in places that might satisfy the highest ambition; it has been familiar in the first Courts and honoured by the first minds in Europe—it is famed in connection with Grotius, Puffendorf, and Vattel, and it may be seen on the tablet of an Institute in France which bears but two other American names, and what is remarkable, the only question there raised is said to have been in which of two departments his name should be entered—history or jurisprudence. The French *Courier of the United States*, published in New York, speaks of Mr. Wheaton, in its notice of his death, as a “mind most active and universal; one of the best informed men that the New World has possessed, a man of profound knowledge and an indefatigable labourer, who had died after a life well filled, but too short for his country and for humanity.” His two principal works on international law, and the law of nations, have received the approval of the first minds in Europe and America, and are regarded as authorities. The subjects of which they treat are of the first importance, involving the great questions of peace, war, the foundation, the necessity, and the rightful extent of government.

Let us speak of his moral character. There is delightful testimony to his unusual degree of purity, integrity, and conscientiousness, and an unvarying, inflexible truthfulness. Not a single departure from these (his intimate associates say) has been known or even suspected. His childhood, his youth, his college life, seem to have been marked by entire abstinence, as well from the follies and vices as from the sports and amusements of his age. From the latter his abstinence may have been an error and an injury. But from the former no abstinence can be too complete. From evil and all appearance of evil, nature, preference, and principle withheld him. An impure word was never heard from his lips, but often restrained by his presence. Those who have lived with him, and known him best, cannot recall a harsh or unkind word. Of how many can this be said, after threescore years of busy, anxious, and often troubled life? Does it indicate no moral and religious principles? Would you place above it, as proof of such prin-

ciples, any *opinions* in the absence of this pure morality and scrupulous virtue? The religious opinions of Mr. Wheaton were early formed and never changed. There was a brief period of his youth, as with many, when he was perplexed and anxious in regard to Christian evidences, doctrine, and duty; nor were those wanting who would have drawn him away from all faith. But he listened to such whispers only to silence or shun them; he waited only to examine and decide for himself. The result was a firm conviction of the truth, the beauty, the majesty, the necessity of religion. In private and public life he was a student of the Scriptures, he was conversant with theology and controversy, enough to enlighten and settle his own convictions. He was a believer in the unity of God, the supremacy of the Father, the divine mission of the Son, the influence and need of the Holy Spirit. He was a Unitarian. He once said that he believed he had read almost all that had been written in support of the other faith, but could not receive it. Yet he was no dogmatist, no sectarian. Respect for all honest opinions, regard for all Christian believers and good men, were first principles with him. He obtruded upon none his own views, he assailed none, and suspected none, because of difference of opinion; he could not be guilty of that pitiful interference with another's faith, that suspiciousness, that censoriousness which betoken a small mind and doubtful humility. A founder of the first Unitarian Church in New York, and a communicant there, a frequent worshipper and partaker in the liberal “Reformed Church of Paris,” (where he became attached to that eminent preacher, Mons. Coquerel), he yet looked far more to the religion of the heart and life than to that of creed and form. In a word, he endeavoured, alike in humility and charity, to form his own soul, and carry into every part of conduct and character that religious principle which is the great element of power, usefulness, and happiness. “From youth to age,” to use the words with which the American statesman, Sumner, closes his obituary notice of Wheaton, “his career was marked by integrity, temperance, frugality, modesty, and industry. His quiet manners were the fit companions of his virtues; his countenance wore the expression of thoughtful-



ness and repose. Neither station nor fame made him proud; he stood with serene simplicity in the presence of kings. In the social circle, when he spoke all drew near to him, sure that what he had to say would be wise, tolerant, and kind."

### WORDS FOR WIVES.

I BELIEVE the influence of a wife to be always, for good or for bad, very decided. There is not a woman living, unless she have forfeited all claim to her husband's respect, but is making her mark day by day upon his character. We men are foolishly proud, and do not like to let the women see how they influence us, but we know that, outside of our business, and sometimes even in it, all our doings are more or less controlled by our wives; and he is a knave who does not honestly own it. Is it a disgrace to a man that he is kept at home, away from bad company, away from doubtful pleasures and foolish expense, through his wife's influence? Some poor, cowardly souls think so, and utter senseless cries against her, who, as a guardian angel, stands between these and their victim. I think the wife was given to man to supply him with certain things wanting in his own nature, and in yielding to her judgment, her opinion, her desire, where these are on the side of truth and justice, he only follows out the leading of a divine will. But though the husband hide it or deny it, let the good wife be of good cheer. One thing, however, let her understand—worrying, fretting, fault-finding, direct and frequent changes, ill-tempered slurs, anything that looks like passion, suspicion, or jealousy, will do no good. These are things a man cannot bear, and have driven away into things they were intended to prevent. She lacks judgment and prudence who shall ever indulge in these. Let her know that the strongest influences are those which are silent and indirect; that it is impossible for her to be in the right gently, patiently, consistently, without its being felt. It may not be acknowledged to-day, or to-morrow, or ever; it may not do all that she hoped it would do. Counteracting influences may be too strong for that; but it is felt among the deepest and last things of life, even when he jeers, and scoffs, and strikes.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

PSALM CXXIII. 2.

"Lo, as servants' eyes are on the hand of their masters,  
As a maiden's eyes are on the hand of her mistress,  
So our eyes shall be on Jehovah our God."

SUCH is often the indolence of the wealthy in the warm climate of the East, that a man or woman lying on a sofa, with one or two servants in waiting, will choose to give a command by a motion of the hand rather than take the trouble to speak. The Pasha of Egypt, after hearing a report from his minister, has been known to order a criminal's head off by a slight motion of the hand. Hence arises the duty of a faithful servant to watch his master's hand as supposed in the text.

PSALM LXXIV. 10.

"O God, how long shall the enemy reproach?  
Shall the enemy blaspheme for ever?  
Why withdrawest thou thy hand, even thy right hand?  
Pluck it out of thy bosom and destroy."

The idle man, whether standing or lying down, would have his right hand in his bosom, resting in the folds of his cloak. This is the habit of the Arabs to this day; and the Psalm alludes to it when addressing the Almighty.

PSALM CVIII. 9.

"Moab is my wash-pot, over Edom I empty my shoe."

Moab is a watery country, and Edom is a sandy country; hence the Psalmist, when speaking contemptuously of these two lands, describes one as watered by the Almighty's dirty water, and the other as formed by the sand which he flings out from his shoe.

PSALM CXXIX. 8.

"Neither do they that pass by say,  
'The blessing of Jehovah be upon you.'"

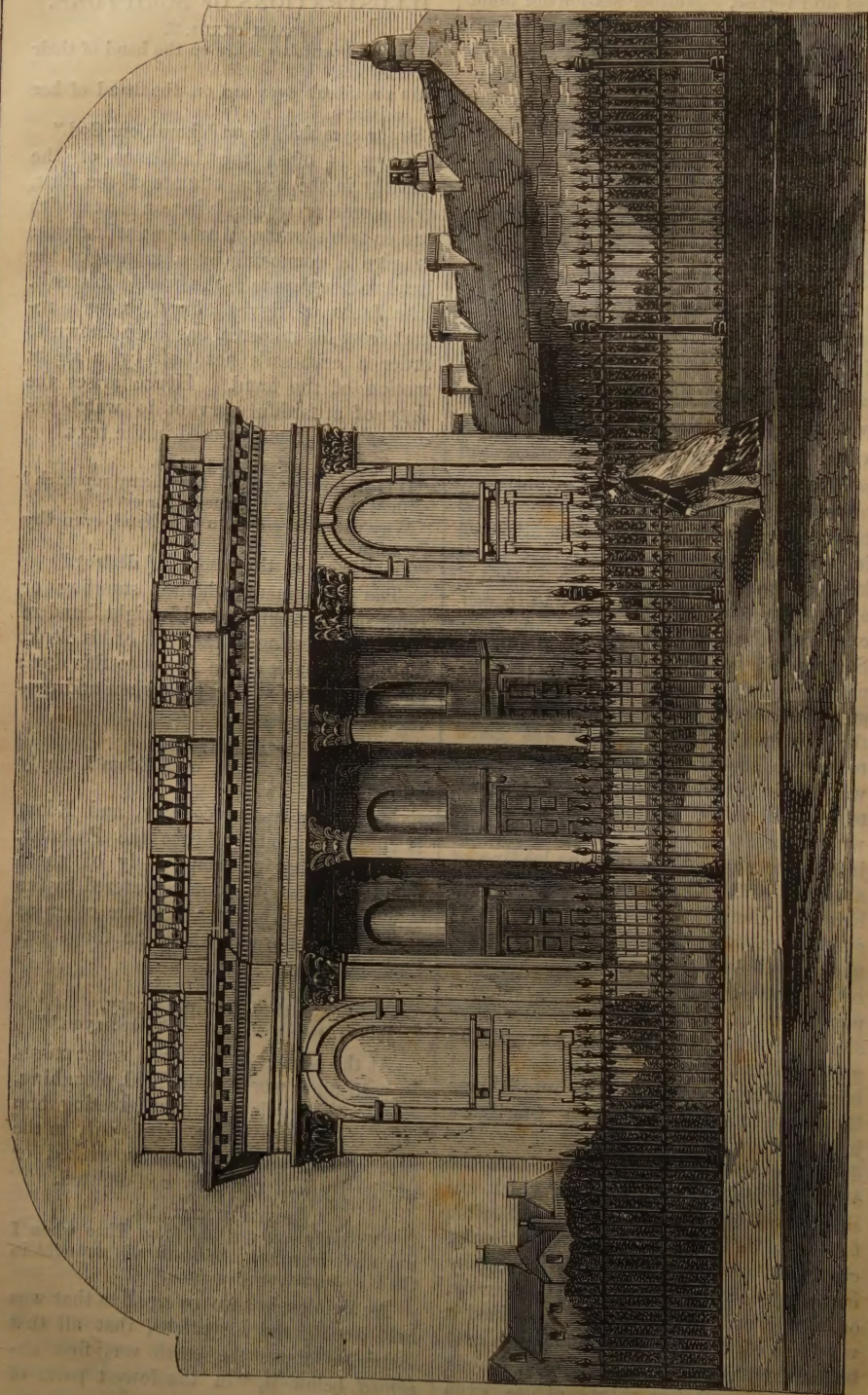
At the present day an Arab never passes by a stranger working the field, ploughing, sowing, or reaping, without greeting him with the above prayer. It is only in the case of one whom he thinks wicked or unfriendly that this prayer is omitted.

PSALM CXXXIX. 15.

"My body was not hid from Thee when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth."

An opinion is here referred to that was held among the Egyptians, that all that flourishes above the earth was first *designed* below it, "in the lowest parts of the earth."





HOLLYWOOD CHAPEL.



## THE OLD CONGREGATION (UNITARIAN) OF HOLYWOOD.

THE Old or First Presbyterian Congregation of Holywood traces its origin to the Rev. Robert Cunningham, who was the first Presbyterian minister that settled in the county of Down, and who ministered for some years in the parish of Holywood, but was, at length, obliged by the prelatial party to abandon his charge. He returned to Scotland, and died at Irvine in 1637. No authentic record of the history of the congregation exists, so far as we know, earlier than May, 1711, when the Rev. Michael Bruce was ordained as minister. He was the son of the Rev. James Bruce, minister of Killyleagh, and grandson of the Rev. Michael Bruce, of Killinchy. He was the great-grandson of the Rev. Robert Bruce, of Edinburgh, who was the personal friend of James the First, and was selected by him to crown his Queen, Anne of Denmark. It is an interesting fact connected with the family of the Bruces that it has produced seven ministers in uninterrupted lineal succession from the Reformation; the last was the late Rev. William Bruce, the senior pastor of the First Congregation, who died in October, 1868.

During the ministry of Michael Bruce in the Old Congregation of Holywood the question of subscription was warmly agitated in the Synod of Ulster, and at length, in 1726, a small minority, constituting the Presbytery of Antrim, formed themselves into an independent and non-subscribing body. The majority of the Holywood congregation, with their minister, joined the non-subscribers; but a portion of the congregation, sympathising with the majority of the Synod, and contending for subscription to the Westminster Confession of Faith, seceded, and were formed into a separate congregation. These two congregations in Holywood were long distinguished by the names of "New Light" and "Old Light." Mr. Bruce, who was an able minister, and is described as a person of "very uncommon character and worth," died in December, 1735. The Rev. John Beatty was settled as his successor in 1737. His ministry was unusually lengthened, extending over a period of *fifty-seven* years. He died in June, 1794. The *Belfast News Letter* of that date, announcing his death, described

him as having "exhibited an example of a righteous, sober, and godly life to his people, and of conduct truly ministerial to his brethren." Mr. Beatty was succeeded by the Rev. Arthur McMechan, of Kilrea; he was settled in October, 1794, but his ministry was brief. Like many other generous-minded and patriotic men, he became implicated in the movement which aimed at the separation of Ireland from British rule, and which culminated in the unfortunate rebellion of 1798. Mr. McMechan found it prudent to leave the country in the summer of 1797; but he did not resign his pastoral charge, and the congregation was left in much perplexity until, in June, 1798, the Presbytery declared the pulpit to be vacant. Soon after the Rev. Dr. Crawford, who had previously been principal of the Strabane Academy, and who was an accomplished scholar, was appointed minister. He died in January, 1800. His successor was the Rev. John C. Wightman, who was ordained in 1801, and continued till his death in 1813. The next minister was the Rev. Samuel Hans Sloan, ordained in April, 1814, and removed to Cork in June, 1820. His successor was the Rev. James Alexander Johnson, who had previously been ordained in the congregation of Banagher, county Derry, where he remained for eight years; and he removed to Holywood in June, 1821. In the summer of 1832 Asiatic cholera broke out with great virulence in the parish. Mr. Johnson was particularly active in his efforts to aid the poor sufferers, and to check the spread of the disease, when unhappily, after a few hours' illness, he fell himself a victim to it. His ministry had been most acceptable, and his death was deplored by all classes of the community. For two years after Mr. Johnson's death the congregation was vacant, and, owing to disagreement respecting the choice of a minister, was seriously injured. The present minister, the Rev. Charles J. McAlester, was ordained in August, 1834.

The meeting house, which had been erected in the ministry of Mr. Beatty, and which, as we believe, was the third that had been built on the same ground, was felt some time ago to be unsuitable and inconvenient, and a handsome meeting house has been erected on a new site, at a



cost, including purchase of the ground, of more than £2000. It is in the Italian order; the basement storey contains two spacious schoolrooms, connected by folding doors, and several smaller rooms; the church itself is neat and commodious, having pew accommodation for about 400 persons. It was opened for public worship by the late Rev. Dr. Montgomery, on Sunday, September 23rd, 1849.

The Old Congregation of Holywood continued in connection with the Presbytery of Antrim from the year 1726 till January, 1862, when, by a unanimous vote, it withdrew from that body, and joined a new ecclesiastical organisation called the Northern Presbytery of Antrim, similar in its fundamental principles to the Presbytery of Antrim, but requiring that every candidate, before being licensed, ordained, or installed in connection with it, should express his belief in the divine mission of Christ, as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, and in the Scriptures as containing a divine revelation.

### THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

By GUISEPPE CAMPANELLA.

I WAS born at Spinazzola, of Bari, in the year 1814. My parents were Girolamo and Maria Clinco. My father was taken from us by Asiatic cholera, in 1837. He was a notary of the strictest integrity, and dear to all; so much so that the artisans and country people of Spinazzola called him Signor Compare (godfather), and by the gentry he was always called Signor Zio (uncle). For many years he was justice of the peace in Spinazzola, and in this position succeeded in restoring peace and harmony in many cases of dispute and quarrel. My mother is still living, an octogenarian, and the man who killed one of her sons and wounded another, so that he became paralysed, passes with impunity before her venerated face, with an employment received from the delegate of Public Security. The education of my boyhood was confided to my maternal uncle, Luigi Clinco. From my youth I had a passion for music; nature had given to me a deep, flexible, and intoned bass voice, which I cultivated assiduously under excellent masters; amongst them I am the most indebted to Francisco Stabile, of Potenza, now dead, whose

talent under more favourable circumstances would have been widely known, as master, friend, second father. He placed me in so good a position that I was summoned to Rome, by order of Gregory XVI., in order to compete as basso at the Sistine Chapel. Arrived there, I was chosen after three trials and an examination in the presence of Maggiordomo Alarano Pallavicini, who conferred upon me the rank of Prelato di manteletta, *ad vitam*, having been approved by unanimous votes. The examination which I sustained was most rigorous, and presided over by the excellent Abate Giuseppe Baini. Here I am, consequently, in Rome, as Cappellano Cantore Pontificio. In my position it is easy to imagine how much opportunity I had to observe the actions of Gregory XVI., and to learn the whole iniquitous system. So much I saw of it, that the little belief I had in the Papacy (if indeed any remained as fruit of early monastic education), vanished entirely, and I resolved to reconquer my right as a man, to believe in ONE ONLY GOD WHO IS LOVE. It was then that I found myself in sympathy with the Progressisti, which increased my already strong love for my own Italy; and now I was honoured by a letter from Giuseppe Garibaldi, who congratulated me upon my apostleship for human progress, which I had already begun since 1843. There was not, however, wanting a Judas, through whom I saw myself *ex informata conscientia*, turned away from the Pontificio Soglio, and my canonical election annulled. The excellent Cardinal Acton, together with the tutor of Francisco Borbone, advised me to leave Rome in order to avoid imprisonment. I promised them to depart, but first I wished to make one attempt; I presented myself to Riaro-Sforza (now Archivesco-Cardinale in Naples), who received me as a brigand. Monsignore Medici was less priestly towards me; the famous Gaetanino received me politely, exhorting me "to pray to saints, Madonna, purgatory, inferno," and above all recommending me "to the sacrifice of the Holy Mass." I then understood his meaning, and taking from my pocket five Gregorine (value £10), entreated him to get a mass for me celebrated by the Holy Father, in order that he might get the revocation of the order given by the Secretary of State, Lambruschini. Gaetanino, genteel barber



as he was, took the money, and with infinite compliments, "*ella egli, lui loro*," (speaking always in the third person), accompanying me himself to the door, consigned me to two muscular mercenary Swiss guards, taking leave of me, saying, "And even, in fact, if she go to the beautiful Naples, she will not afflict herself!"

On my return the reverend Fathers, Luigi d'Avigliano and Cerino Teatino, together with the priest Gerardo Santaniello, and Paolo Cortese, ex-minister, came around me, wishing to know the result of the interview. When I had narrated to them the beautiful dialogue I had had with the new little courtier, "*egli lui, ella*," all of them unanimously advised me to escape without delay from Rome. I understood that it was time and escaped. The last to embrace me, when already in the diligence, were Gerardo Santaniello and Paolo Cortese. Is it not true, my dear Paoluccio? Now tell me thou, in all thy honour, to which kind of revolutionists do I belong—to those who are instruments of tyranny, or to adventurers who have nothing to lose, and hope to gain; or to the true liberals, who have at heart the progress and well-being of humanity—which is the visible personification of God upon earth?

Arrived in Naples, the clericals were shy of me; yet some were good, admitting me to sing in their respective churches, and to teach them the Gregorian chant. I also celebrated the mass in the church of the Sagramentisti, and the rector treated me courteously. I became renowned as a good singer always of the *litany tantum ergo, laudamus*, and *messe*; was summoned into several cities of the kingdom of Naples, thus making for myself a better opportunity to fulfil my self-imposed duty—the propagation of human rights and duties. I was also sent for by the Bishop of Avellino, Guiseppe Seniscalchi, to instruct in singing all the students as well as the priests of the cathedral. I remained almost two years amongst these good Avellinesi, and did not neglect my apostolate of patriotism, which caused me to be dismissed by this bishop, who had known me in Rome. I returned to Naples, and here obtained my secularisation, by means of which I went more freely into several provinces of the kingdom of Naples, and also into Upper Italy,

never touching, however, the Papal States. I went also into Sicily, and I found the Sicilians devoted to the holy cause of their country. I then again saw Naples, and here I fell under suspicion, and was watched narrowly by the Cardinal Riario Sforza. The head of the police caused me to be arrested, and would have imprisoned me, but I escaped by the infallible means of twenty-five piastres (£5). In the mean time Gregory XVI. died, and I immediately returned to Rome. Pius IX. twice gave me audience, assuring me that if I had had a little patience he would have recalled me to my place. He, as a true Pope, deceived me. Grassellini, with Nardone and all the followers of the Neri, organised the reaction, which I perceiving, warned the people, caused the failure, and thus prevented the effusion of blood. Grassellini and Nardone took refuge in Naples, where I saw them, having been again driven out of Rome. The seed sown becomes fruitful, and behold, demonstrations in Naples, and I animate the people, together with a brave youth of Molletta. Ferdinand II. gives the constitution; I prevent three persons from killing him. The first cry, "Down with the Jesuits!" In Piazza del Plebiscito, "Soldiers, into Lombardy?" I exclaimed; and Ferdinand II. answered me, "The orders are already given." Whence, I exclaimed, "*Viva*, Ferdinand II., constitutional king!" "King of Italy—yes, yes, King of Italy!" And the people unanimously responded and co-operated with the Premier Belgroroso to form the first body of volunteers. The formation of the second body, organised in the Convent of Santa Maria Lanova; the soldiers of the voluntaries depart, and arrive at Bologna; we receive news of the massacre of the 15th of May in Naples; we pass the Po and arrive in Venice; we live under a hailstorm of shells and bombs, and amidst blood and sickness of the cholera; other anecdotes, and especially the prevention of the sackage of the palace of the Patriarch in Venice; the capitulation of Venice after eighteen months of resistance. The Austrian officer who was to give our passports asked what rank I had held. "I answered, "Chaplain to the Voluntary Neapolitan Regiment." "With that beard!" he exclaimed; "you are, indeed, an unworthy priest." I said in this I only imitated the Divine Teacher of the



just and honest. He, upon this, bent down and *viséé* the passport, saying, as he gave it, "Go, cursed of God!" To which I immediately answered, "It is a question of time merely." I emigrate to Patras, and receive from the Greeks a kind welcome; here I give a concert in favour of the Italian emigrants; I am asked to go to Athens to give there another concert, and, passing through a wood, am surrounded by twenty ragged brigands, who threaten to take my life. Two or three amongst them argued with the rest that, from my long, thick, black beard, I must be a priest—the Greek priests wearing such. Thus I am now surrounded by respect, and asked to partake of their repast, and they escort me until all danger of meeting more brigands was past. Arrived at Athens, I saw again the Princess Belgiogosa and several others; gave a concert for the emigration, and the Athenians came in great numbers. But the Bishop of Syra and some Roman priests looked with evil eye upon me; whilst I, on my part, had quite given up all idea of priestism. The chaplain of King Otho sent for me, and presumptively—in the same way as the priests of Rome—commanded me to say the mass, or otherwise to depart immediately from the Greek dominion. A few days after an order from the police ejected me from Athens and from the Hellenic kingdom. I communicated this to my friends, and it was made public. All the Liberal press was in my favour. The point was discussed strongly in two sittings of Parliament, and it was unanimously resolved that no one should be expelled on account of religion, and, therefore, no one should molest me. The Neapolitan Minister, during my stay in Athens, was always good to me. Invited to Syra, I went there to give a concert in benefit of the emigrants. From Syra I went to Constantinople, and gave several concerts for the benefit of the Italian, Polish, and Hungarian emigration; from Constantinople to Smyrna doing the same; from Smyrna to Alexandria, in Egypt, giving also concerts for the same object. But here my means ended, and, therefore, I gave a concert for myself, and was satisfied with the result. In the meantime I had been engaged for the theatre at Constantinople. Arrived there, the fanatical Maltese gave me to know openly, by

means of their priests and friars, that they barely suffered to see an ecclesiastic upon the boards of a theatre. They threatened my life, and would certainly have killed me if I had not followed the advice of some of my true friends to depart and go to London. At this, my necessary resolution, all wished to furnish me with introductions for the English capital, but I refused, saying that my voice, which procured for me so much applause in the Levant, would certainly give me bread with the people of Albion. Returned to Patras I gave a concert in my own favour, after which I took my passage upon a vessel, and with 900 colonate (£180) in my pocket, and well-filled portmanteau, set sail. Saw again the fair coast of Sicily, and wept. For three times the tempestuous sea brought death before us, and certainly I should have died an honest and true man.

I arrived in London without knowing one word of English—without acquaintance—without introduction—immersed in that human ocean, and not knowing one who could say to me our gentle *Si*—yet full of confidence that in a day I should meet with sympathy, leaning in the meantime upon the good prop of my Gregoriane. I took up my abode in an inn and was well served, but soon found my money was rapidly diminishing as it changed into pounds sterling. All the emigrants in London of 1851 looked upon me at first as a spy, but when I became known to them the calumny vanished. Now, here I am with the emigrants; we lived and comforted each other.

I was introduced to Balfe, director of the Queen's Theatre, and to Lumley, and they both promised to engage me, which, however, after much debate, and many times going to and fro, did not succeed, on account of my being an ex-priest. I received two letters from Costa, director of Covent Garden. Entrance to the house of the celebrated Lablache was denied to me by repeated, "Not at home." I, not born amidst the intrigues of the stage, was disgusted by them—isolated myself—and became reduced to the depth of misery.

Gavazzi succoured me many times from the fruit of his popular and humane lectures. Cardinal Wiseman offered to me the direction of the Gregorian chant at St. Giacomina and a good salary if I would re-enter the Church, but conscience con-



quered hunger and I refused. I became so reduced that I was forty-two hours without bread, when the benevolent lady, Mrs. Craigie, No. 1, Hyde Park-terrace, restored me to life and procured for me lessons in singing and Italian. Dr. Henry Bennet and his wife and Miss Hopgood were my first pupils. I was engaged to teach the Gregorian chant in three churches of the Irvingites. My pupils increased, and my position became good. I was assiduously and usefully employed. I aspired to the tranquil happiness of the family home, and conducted to it an excellent and beloved wife. At the same time began an institution for education, which still exists.

Married at Dover by the Rev. Thomas Briggs, and now, at the age of fifty-eight, after the varied experience of a long life, and believing from my very soul the glorious truth that God, our all merciful Father, *who is love*, cares for all his children, and wills not that any should perish, I long to carry to my dear Italians the cheering and elevating influences which have comforted me even in the deepest misery. The doctrine of God as a severe and inexorable Judge, and man as born under His curse, has too long been an instrument in the hands of Pope, priest, and tyrant, to depress the Italian people. It is by these means the infallible Pope governs his abject slaves, and it is the duty and privilege of the patriot to break chains forged in the dark ages of ignorance and superstition, by preaching a free Church first in the North of Italy, and, when the moment arrives, in Rome itself.

#### DIVINE FORGIVENESS.

THERE is one thing which distinguishes Jesus from every other religious teacher, viz., he does not so much argue as assume the positions he takes up. But that, some might object, is to dogmatise, and dogmatism is an outrage on human reason. Yes, but somehow in his case we do not feel our reason outraged, and we not only listen, but listen with attention and approval.

An example of this kind of speech occurs in the words which introduce this passage: "*When ye pray*," Jesus says. The simple, unconscious manner in which the exercise of prayer is here referred to is very striking. "*When we pray*." Why,

there is no one thing that is more discussed, or upon which there is such a wide difference of opinion, as the very use of prayer; and there are some men, and good men, too, who refrain altogether from the formal act. Yet here we have the habit quietly assumed. Ah! but here is the explanation of it. Prayer, in very truth, is the most natural of acts. The simple, unsophisticated soul cannot choose but pray. The poor, rude man, weak and ignorant, prays *because* of his weakness and ignorance. The sinful, guilty man prays because of his fears. And that higher form of prayer, which alone is true prayer, is not less natural and spontaneous. For he who realises most fully his filial relation to God, must needs most of all seek God in prayer; seek, and yearn, and infinitely desire intimate communion with his heavenly Father. So, prayer is not a question of use, or duty merely, but is an act that is perfectly involuntary; and the heart which feels no yearnings for a clearer knowledge of, and fuller communion with, the Great Spirit which has made and rules all things, must have strangely wandered from the path of its simple native instincts. He might require instruction how to pray, but not exhortation to the exercise itself.

And now, if we take the prayer itself; how it answers to its title — a model prayer! What a thoroughly human prayer it is—just the very breathings of the truest human desires and wants! It expresses nothing, it takes up nothing that any true human heart is not ready and eager to make its own. So it comes that whenever this prayer is repeated there is always a quick, warm response to it. You know, it is said of a poor Arab Mussulman, that on this prayer being repeated for the first time in his hearing, it brought tears of delight into his eyes, and he cried, "That is indeed prayer." Rightly to use this prayer — to make it entirely our own, is there not implied a certain elevation of mind and character—our whole higher nature fully and proportionately developed, to which but few of us can make any pretension? It does seem to me that only the pure soul of Jesus himself could have framed a prayer so perfect in its truthfulness, so balanced in its tone as this. Probably, the highest use of the prayer is to be found in this, that in exhibiting it beckons us up, as it were, to this high con-



dition of attainment and experience. It leads us to aspire to that serene height on which alone it can be properly used.

It might not improperly be said that Jesus, in leaving us this example of prayer, gave his sanction to the formal act. Prayer has been beautifully described as the very summit and blossoming—the highest act of the soul: as an exercise to which it is irresistibly impelled by the force of its best volitions and impulses. But, if this theory were the only one, it would almost be self-destructive of prayer as a human act; for it supposes an elevation of soul, to begin with, which, alas for us, we seldom experience. You and I, beset, encumbered, overborne by this world's business, and cares, and temptations—how often should we pray if this were the sole condition? But, thanks be to God, it is not so; for “He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust; and He inclines his ear not more to the songs of the angels than to the broken words of the sin-distracted but truly penitent soul. We need to pray, in order to rise to the due altitude of prayer; and even as we pray we find the prayerful spirit imparted to us.

I propose a brief examination of one of the clauses of this prayer: “Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them which trespass against us.” It suggests two or three important considerations. And

I. We need forgiveness; and this first as matter of fact.

If there be one thing more than another inscribed on the very constitution of things, it is the unutterable supremacy of law. Everything is so constituted that it takes its due place, and performs its due functions in creation only so far as it conforms to law. And this fact of the wide universe is also the fact of human life; nor does the liberty of choice we possess in any respect alter our relation to the fact. Law must also rule us, unless we would be anomalies in this wide universe, throughout pervaded by law. But does it? Do we accept and obey the laws proper to us as human beings? Alas, for us, no. Every day brings with it conscious breaches of law—known law, and we feel we are not one with the universe and the great Maker of it. As the plainest matter of fact, we are transgressors, and need forgiveness. And secondly, as matter of experience.

And is not this as plain a fact? What is it but a consciousness of wrong-doing—of a falling short of our obligations—which so often weighs our spirits down, and, even when all is bright and prosperous around, fills our minds with unrest and gloom? Joined with this unrest and gloom there is often an acute sense and dread, a fearful foreboding of future retribution; and with this joint burden resting upon our souls, how many bitter days and hours we pass? We feel that things are not right with us, and unless we can make our peace with God they never will be right with us. Alike, as matter of fact and of experience, we need forgiveness.

II. There is hope of our obtaining forgiveness. There are intimations of this blessed truth in the facts of our common life and consciousness. The laws of our bodies are often, in our blindness and wilfulness, violated. But is irreparable mischief done? Is it not the direct tendency and effort of nature itself to repair the mischief? Our wearied bodily powers, do they not, after a time, recover their elasticity and tone? My arm, paralysed by attempting to carry too great a burden, does it not, after a time, resume its power? My moral nature—what injury, alas, for me! I do it day by day, and how does the recollection of it afterwards bear me down to the very ground in shame and dismay? How enfeebled and benumbed, also, becomes my very power for good? Yet, after a time, the inward smart abates, the power returns; and in blissful, partial unconsciousness of the past, I am free again to form better resolutions for the future. O! the forgiving mercy of God, which thus, in a measure *unknown to myself*, “healeth all my diseases and forgiveth all my iniquities!” So, I say, forgiveness is not an anomaly in God's universe, but a fixed, definite, blessed law, every condition of which a man must first violate before it wholly ceases to act in his favour. It is true, there are certain people who tell us that there is no provision for forgiveness in the primary scheme of the universe, and that certain exceptional events must first happen before it can take effect. I answer, it is taking effect every day of our lives, and in the experience of every one of us. I say, the tendency of an evil action, at its beginning at least, is, in the natural order of things, interrupted,



intermitted, suspended, and, in the end, the former better tendency resumes its sway ; in other words, a *practical* forgiveness takes place, from which we have a fair right to deduce the natural law. And it does seem to me that there is nothing so touching in the whole circle of God's gracious dealings with his creatures—nothing so likely to touch and soften the heart of the sinner, and bring him back to repentance—as this same infinite pity which so freely dispenses forgiveness, even while the sinner yet cleaves to his follies and sins !

But the chief fact upon which our hope of forgiveness rests is the fatherly relation which God bears to his rational creatures. I will not, however, dwell upon this thought, but merely say, that if there be any truth in the fatherhood of God, and taking the human relation as the pattern, there *must* be forgiveness at the hands of God for the returning wanderer, his penitent child. Say that God *is* our Father, and the difficulty really is to affix limits to this fatherly compassion, for who shall measure the love of a parent for his child ? I pass on to notice—

III. The condition of forgiveness here implied, "Forgive us our trespasses, as *we forgive them* which trespass against us."

What an *assured* sense of inward *rightness* this prayer bespeaks ! Jesus could properly and sincerely use these words. He could go direct to the All-seeing One, and distinctly claim His ratification of the fact that He did forgive men their trespasses against him. He could go into God's awful presence and say, "Thou knowest that I forgive men their trespasses against me." But could *we* do so ? Dare we rest our hope of forgiveness on such a plea—*we*, with our spleen and envy, our spite and hate, our lasting and bitter animosities ? O ! if it came to that, we could never repeat these words at all. But then, as I have just said, this is a sort of *ideal* prayer ; and if we are not already in a condition to take with propriety its words upon our lips, at least it may remind us what that condition is, and help us to attain thereto. For gross indeed must be that nature—dull and insensate beyond all belief—if it be possible for it to employ at least the words of the clause now under review, without feeling ho-

miserably it falls short of the condition invoked.

We are taught, then, by this condition that our repentance—upon which only we can ask God's forgiveness—must not be what I might call a selfish act. It must look *man-ward* as well as *God-ward*. It must not only be sorrow over our sins, *as towards God*, but there must be a certain rightness *as towards our neighbour*. It must involve the upspringing again of love at once towards our Father in heaven and our brethren around. God will not accept a service of which man is not the object as well as Himself. That is what true repentance means—a return alike to our duty as children and our duty as brethren. Have we a quarrel with any ? We must make it up. Do we bear ill-will or spite to any ? We must get rid of it. This must we do, and get back a true loving interest in our friends and neighbours again if we may expect our Father's forgiveness. As directed by this petition, we may not hope, must not look for forgiveness, until we are able, in the very fulness of sincerity, to say, "I have forgiven men their trespasses against me."

Beautiful now, is it not ? this thinking of divine forgiveness—that greatest necessity of our natures—with that lesson we are all so slow to learn—the forgiveness of our fellow men. Beautiful, but, as I have said, solemnly suggestive and sternly admonitory ! Every other clause in the prayer we may, as I fear we often do, repeat with glib tongues, not even thinking of what we say. But this clause, which so sharply and suddenly turns our look upon ourselves, stops us in our glib utterance, makes us pause, drives us to introspection and self-examination, and forces us to inquire whether we are, indeed, in that condition which alone entitles us to take its words on our lips ! Repentance is a word of large meaning. It means much that I have not even hinted at. But let us at least seek to get this feeling of brotherly love and forgiveness into our hearts, that, at the final hour—the hour of death—when the necessity of the divine forgiveness presses solemnly on our hearts—presses as it never pressed before—we may be able to say with truth, "Forgive me *my* trespasses, even as I have forgiven men *their* trespasses against me."



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**THE FALL.**—A school girl was recently asked at an examination, by the clergyman, to tell him what Adam lost by his fall; and pressed, replied: "I suppose it was his hat."—*Gospel Banner.*

**THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.**—An Oxford student being asked for the doctrine of the English Church on good works, replied warily, "A few of them would not do a man any harm." Froude thinks that this is scarcely a caricature of the prudence of the Articles.

**A SIGNIFICANT FACT.**—Of the fifty-two Non-conformists who now represent seats in England and Wales, five were returned without opposition; the remaining forty-seven polled 258,083 votes, or, as nearly as may be, one-fourth of the whole number recorded for Liberal candidates.—*English Independent.*

**EFFECT OF ONE SERMON.**—Fashionable lady going out of church: "What a powerful sermon! I was never before so impressed with the duty and privilege of giving freely. I am determined to do better, and to send, this very week, another new silk dress to my daughter." This must have been a High Church sermon on mere millinery.

**TO UNCLE.**—A little boy who lived with a very penurious uncle, who was especially careful that his charge should not be injured by overfeeding, walked out with his guardian one day and met a greyhound, the first he had ever seen. The little fellow looked at the thin, gaunt, long creature a minute, and then throwing his arms about his neck, exclaimed, "Poor doggie! do you live with your uncle too?"

**THE TRINITY.**—Grace Aguilar, in her "Sabbath Thoughts," says, "The belief of Trinity in Unity is the only part of the Christian code which I cannot comprehend; and is the only part I shrink from with horror. How can they explain this—How can Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be three persons and one God? Would he divide Himself? Would he deign to visit earth and mingle with the worms He hath formed, as one of them? The more I think on this part of the Christian belief, the more puzzled I become; and it produces questions which I dare not think of, much less behold embodied upon paper—so derogatory to the infinite nature of God, that they become to my mind almost impious."

**A USEFUL LEGEND.**—One day, when Saint — was engaged upon his great work on the Trinity, he went down to the seaside to meditate. Walking along the beach his attention was drawn to a child apparently at play, and he went towards him. The child had made a hollow place in the sand, to which he was carrying water in the palms of his hands, repeating the journey again and again. The Bishop said, "My child, why do you do this?" to which the reply was, "I wish to put all the water of the sea in the hollow I have made." The Bishop smiled at the child's simplicity, and said, "Nay, but you can never do this thing; it is impossible!" The child arose, and looking up into the Bishop's eyes, replied, "And yet it is easier for me to do this than for you to comprehend the Trinity," and vanished.

**A SCOTCH PREFERENCE.**—The antipathy of the Scotch people to reading sermons is well known. At Kircudbright, at an "inauguration," an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked her companions if the new minister was a reader. "And how can he read, woman?" was the reply; "the poor man is blin'." To which the first made answer: "I'm glad to hear it; I wish they were a' blin'."—*The Methodist.*

**LIVING ON SOULS.**—Mr. Fuller, a Methodist preacher, found it necessary to eke out a scanty living by selling books. He called on a lady in a parish where he once laboured. As he announced his errand, the lady expressed her horror and surprise. "What! Mr. Fuller, I thought you laboured for souls, not for money." Fuller replied: "A minister cannot live on souls, and if he could, he'd soon depopulate such a region as this."

**HANGING MISERS.**—It was Rowland Hill who once exclaimed: "There is a perpetual frost in the pockets of some wealthy people; as soon as they put their hands into them they are frozen and unable to draw out their purses. Had I my way, I would hang all misers, but the reverse of the common mode; I would hang them up by the heels, that their money might run out of their pockets, and make a famous scramble for you to pick up and put in the plate."

**RICH AND NOBLE RELATIVES.**—"I was reading lately of a very good answer made by a very little boy, who afterwards became a very distinguished minister of the Gospel. One of his schoolfellows was boasting one day about the number of rich and noble relations he had. Then he asked the future minister if there were any 'Lords' in his family. 'Yes,' said the little fellow, 'I know there is one at least, for I have often heard my mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our ELDER BROTHER.'"

**THE COMMENTATOR.**—James Oliphant, minister of Dumbarton, had a curious habit of making running comments, in a low tone of voice, as he read the Scripture. Hence, as he never cured himself of the practice, those seated nearest the pulpit were the most highly prized. Here are two samples of his "pulpit notes": Reading of the swine rushing into the sea, he muttered, "O that the devil had been choked too!" Reading Peter's remark "We have left all and followed thee," he said, quietly, "Aye, boastin' Peter, aye braggin'—what had ye to leave but an old crazy boat, and may be twa or three rotten nets?"

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